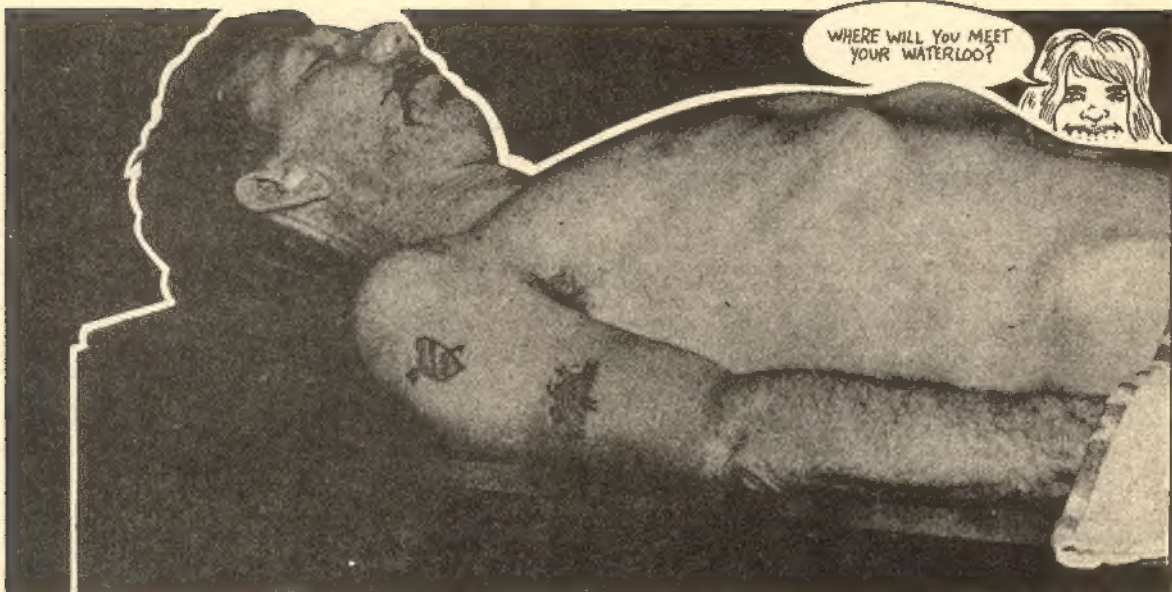


BENT







WHERE WILL YOU MEET
YOUR WATERLOO?

HOWARD RIGGS IS LOST. RUNNING THROUGH UNKNOWN WOODS AS A COLD STEADY RAIN SOAKS HIM TO THE BONE.



SNAP

DRIZZLE DRIZZLE DRIZZLE
BIP DRIZZLE DRIZZLE
SPLIK



FLOSH

SPRATTLER DRIZZLE SPLIK
DRIZZLE BLIP SPK SPLIK
BLIP SPK SPLIK



SKRNR

SPK DRIZZLE SPLIK
DRIZZLE SPLIK
BLUP SPK



MOTHER FUCKER

WUTZLE SPLIK
SPLOP SPLITCH
BLIP DRIZZLE



THANK GOD,
THERES LIGHTS
ON IN THAT
HOUSE- NOW TA
GET IN AND GET
DRY..

HOWARD RACED TO THE FRONT DOOR AND POUNDED. A LADY ANSWERED.



HOWDY.. MY NAME IS
HOWARD RIGGS AND
IT SEEMS THAT I'VE
LOST MY WAY. COULD I
COME IN AND DRY OUT
A BIT

SURE
STRANGER,
I'LL MAKE
YOU A NICE
CUP OF TEA.

A BIT LATER, HOWARD HAD FINISHED HIS TEA AND OUT HE WENT. HE AWOKE, FINDING HIMSELF IN THE NORMAL MACHINE...

DO YOU LIKE THAT TEA?
HA HA HEE HA

WHA..

BBRRR

BBRRRMMMMMMMMNOORRAAAMMMMMMMMMEEEEOBRRROOOOMMMMMEEEEEB

ANOTHER ONE FOR
THE NORMAL SHELF
MARLENE..

LET'S STICK 'IM
UP THERE..



MA TUG ES AH
FUGGED
DUP

I KNOW IT, ELMO, BUT
DONT FUCK WITH IT, MAKE
IT WORSE, PAMMIT.



AH LUGGIT
MA TUM

CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY, DIMWIT
JUST YOUR TONGUE AND A THUMB
GOT NAILED.. COULD HAVE
BEEN YOUR THICK SKULL
OR EVEN YOUR **GUT!**



THE DOC WILL TAKE A LOOK
AT YOUR HURTS INNA MINUTE
ELMO, AND FIX YOUR ASS UP..
THEN WELL LAY LOW A WEEK
OR TWO...

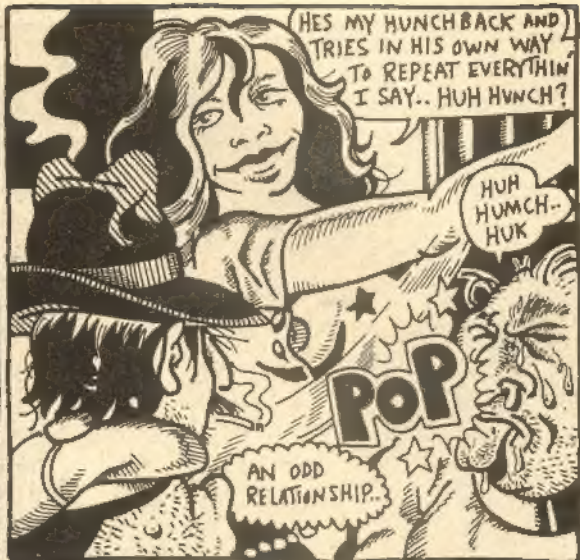
UHAGK



HIYA, WHATSA MATIAN WITCH
YUR FRIEND?

DUHHHHN
HIYA WATSA
Madder
WIDDUR FRAN?

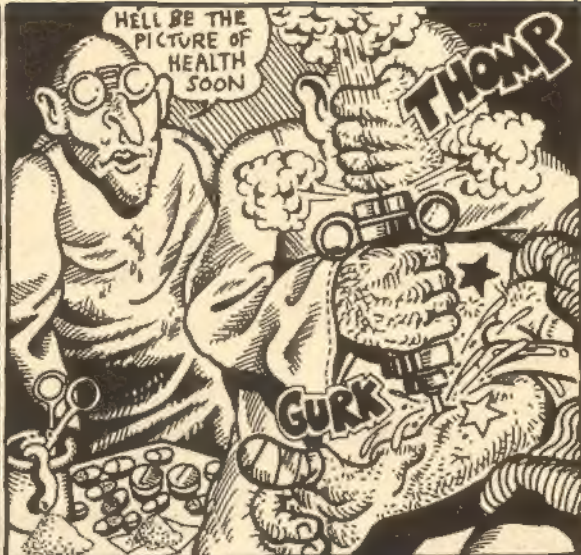
COPPER'S NAILED
'IM... SHOT 'IM
THROUGH THE
THUMB AND
TONGUE, TOOTS.



THATS THE SHITS! ALRIGHT, WELL FIX THE POOR LAD RIGHT UP.. DICKY, SHOOT 'IM FULL OF PAIN KILLER DOPE!



HELL BE THE PICTURE OF HEALTH SOON



WHATS UP DOC?

MMMMMMMM
MMMMMMMM
VERY INTERESTIN
-THAT TONGUE
LOOKS RANK-
BEST TAKE 'IM
OVER TO THE
TABLE



STRAP 'IM
DOWN
GOOD THERE
DICKY, CUZZ
THIS TONGUE
OPERATION
MAY CAUSE 'IM
TO JUMP AROUND
A BIT.. SHOTS
OR NO SHOTS!



THAT TONGUE IS DONE
GIVIN' YOU ANY PAIN..
NNGGKK...



AS FOR THAT PATHETIC THUMB, A
RAPID BACK HAND
STROKE AND
YOU CAN
KISS THAT
WOE
GOOD BYE..
GNGK



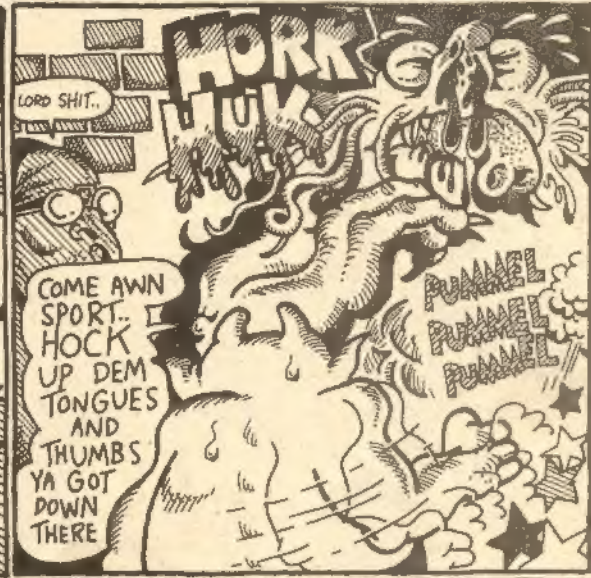
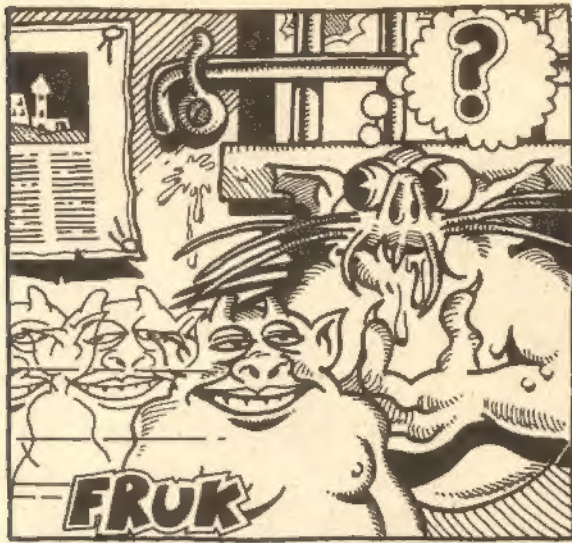
THE SEVERED PARTS DROPPED TO THE FLOOR WHERE THE SCAVENGER DEMON SQUATTED....



THE DEMON PINNED THE ELUSIVE TONGUE TO THE WALL.



IN CAME THE CHECKERED DEMON AS THE THUMB WAS ATE.



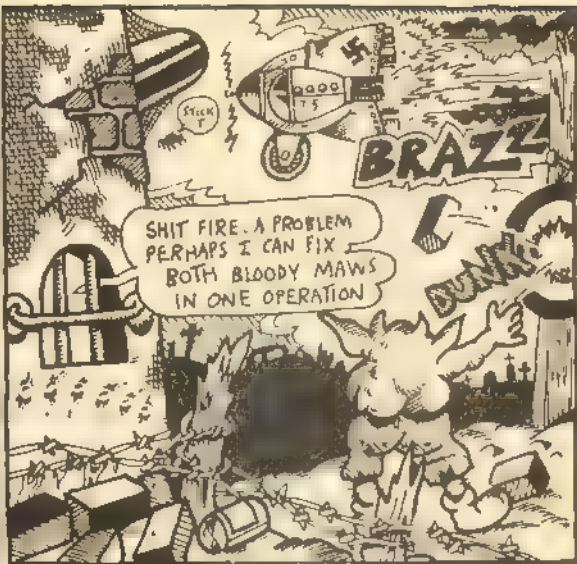




HMMMM NOW I MUST REPAIR DICKY AS WELL AS THIS TONGUELESS MOBSTER WHILE THE TRIGGER HAPPY SAP IS OUT ON THE FLOOR..

THIS BLOOD.. CHRIST..

AAAAHHKK
AAAAHHKKG



SHIT FIRE. A PROBLEM PERHAPS I CAN FIX BOTH BLOODY MAWS IN ONE OPERATION

SUDDENLY, THE GIRL AND HER AILING HUNCHBACK ENTERED



ALRIGHT DOC, WHATS THE SCOOP?? ME AND MY HUNCHBACK HAVE BEEN WAITIN' A LONG TIME.

SCOOP? I SUPPOSE IT IS YOUR TURN. WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE WITH THE POOR LAD?

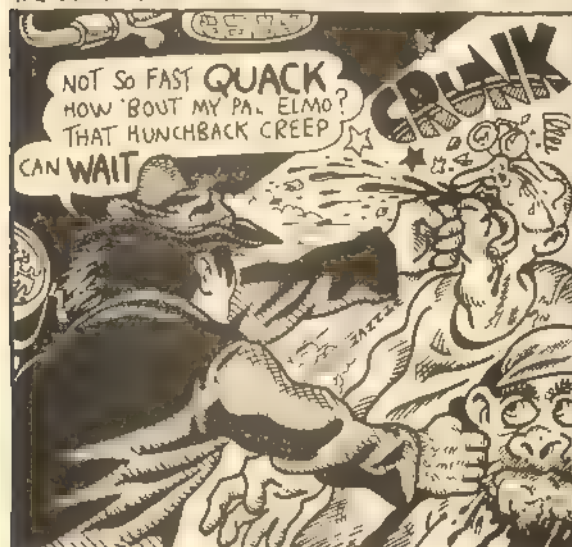
UH LOG TUM



AWRAT.. GIT ON THIS STEEL TABLE HUNCH, AND YOU WITH THE TONGUE PROBLEM, GET UP AND I'LL GET TO YA' IN A MINUTE..

KEEP THE COTTON IN DICKY.

THE OTHER GANGSTER THEN SPRANG TO HIS FEET..



NOT SO FAST QUACK HOW 'BOUT MY PAL ELMO? THAT HUNCHBACK CREEP CAN WAIT

CRACK



I DONT THINK SO JACK!

NUK

POMP

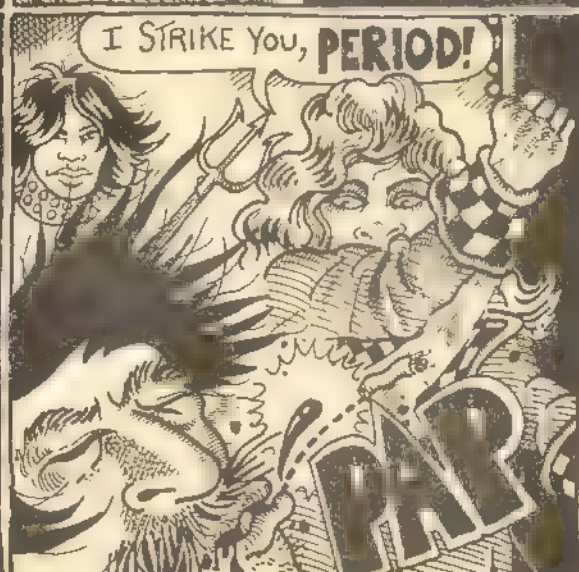
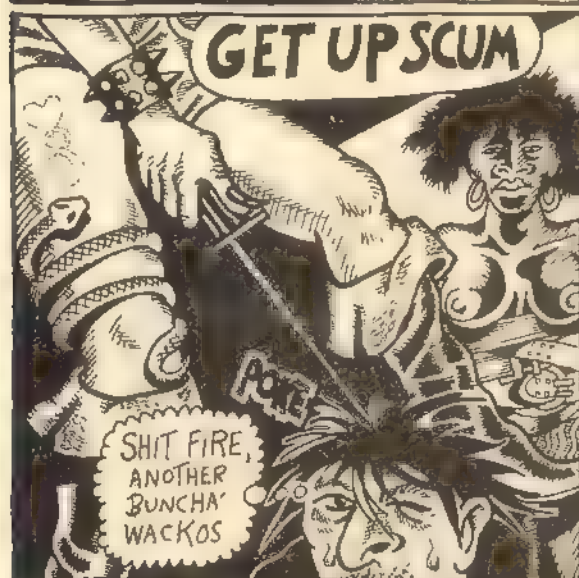
THINGS WERE GETTING WORSE INSTEAD OF BETTER,
SO DICKY, ELMO, AND THE HUNCHBACK CUT OUT....



BEING DESPERATE, DICKY, ELMO, AND THE HUNCHBACK
DOVE INTO BIG HULKING CRUNCH, TO DO HIM IN...



THE NOSE DEMON THEN WHIRLED AND BLASTED CRUNCH. THE OTHER GANGSTER WAS AWAKENED BY THE GUN-FIRE ..





LITTLE PATHETIC
GLOB OF SHIT
DWARF.

THAT IS CUTE JULIE.
IM HAVIN' A BALL
CRUSHIN' DWARF HEADS
'TWEEN MY HAMS
NNK

I'VE GOT
BLISTERS ON
MY TRIGGER
FINGER

COME OVER HERE
A MINUTE BERNICE, AND
WATCH THESE CUTE LIL
DWARVES GET THEIR
ASS ICED..

THIS AINT
THE MOULIN
ROUGE.

HAHAHAHAHA
HA HA HEE HAW
LOOKIT. THAT ONE LITTLE
GUY HAS HIS HEAD UP
APRIL'S
ASS

GGGGKKKK

GOOSH

GET IT ON.

WHATCHA DOIN' WAYNE
THEY'RE 'BOUT TO KILL US
DWARVES.

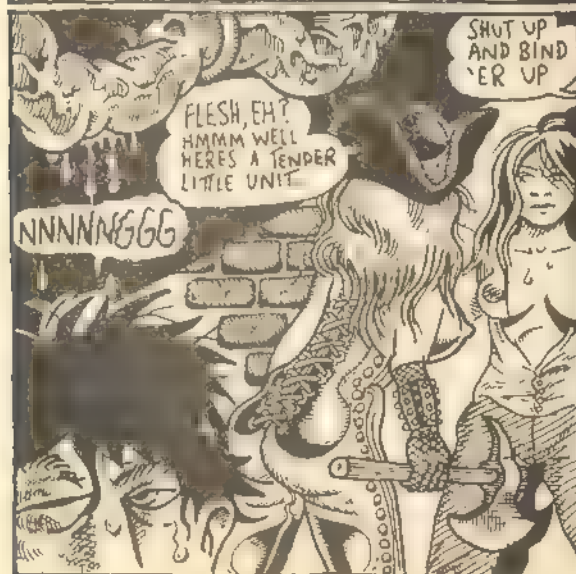
GITIN' MY CANDLE
LICKED, I AINT DEAD
YET.

DWARF SNUFFING
STATION #103

IM SCARED.

WAIT
YOUR
TURN

GRRRRWWILL





MEANWHILE, THE GANGSTER, DOC, AND GIRL ARE MARCHED TO THE SHIP..



A MILLION MILES AWAY, THE CHECKERED DEMON SITS, EXAMINING HIS HANDS AND MUMBLING.



I'VE HAD FOUR
FUCKIN' FINGERS ON
EACH HAND ALL WEEK.
'BOUT TIME FOR A CHANGE



HMMMM I SPIT A
LITTLE TOO HARD THAT
MANY FINGERS COULD
BE A HINDERANCE INSTEAD
OF A HELP..



WEAPONS?
MAYBE I SHOULD
HAVE A HOOK FOR
DISEMBOWELING
PIRATES AND A
PISTOL FINGER?
MMMMMM



AHHH WELL SINCE I'LL NO
DOUBT BE DEALIN' WITH
HUMAN CRETINS I'LL TRY
A FIVE FINGERED HAND..
I'LL MATERIALIZE A VICTIM
AND GIVE THIS FIST A TRY



WORKS LIKE A
BLOODY CHARM!



BACK AT THE CAPTIVES, CAPTAIN ROSEY FONDLES THE GIRL'S TITS..LISTENING TO HER CREW'S ADVICE.

MAYBE WE SHOULD
BEHEAD HER RAT' NOW.
CAP' TITS ARE A LITTLE
SMALL, NOT SURE IF
SHES WORTH TAKIN'
BACK.

Sog

YA' HAD BETTER QUIT YOUR SNIVELIN' BITCH! OR I'LL GIVE YA SUMPIN' TO SNIVEL ABOUT. YOU'LL HAVE TO EAT ME OUT AGAIN, WHILE BEIN' WHIPPED! **HARD!!!**

VIVIAN, CHECK OUT
THIS LITTLE
NUMBER'S
ASS-HOLE

DONT BUDGE

50

GONNA
CUT
CHUR-
DICK
IT
GONNA
HURT

AYE CAPTAIN. A
REGULAR LIT
ROSE BUD OF A
HOLE. SHELL BE
A NICE PORT
FOR THEM LONG
NIGHTS ASAIL
STORY IN THAR

HOW 'BOUT
HER
YONI?

DONT MOVE
LASS OR YAR'
APT TO KETCH'
UH' HOT
ROUND UP
YAR' ASS

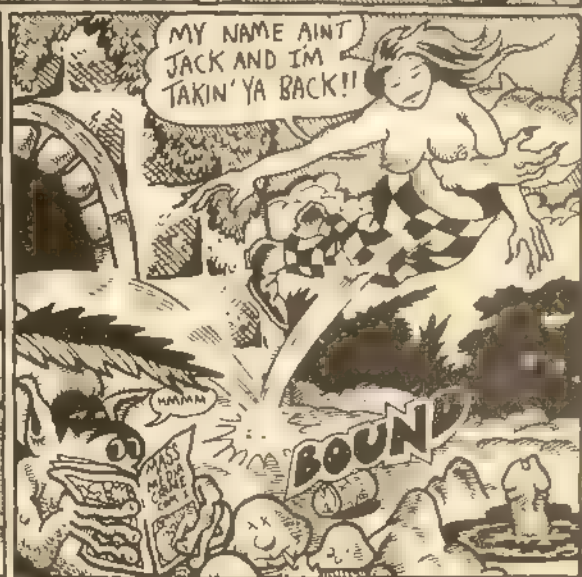
POP

PRETTY
NICE
CAPTAIN
JUICY

GODDAMMIT LULU...
WHYD YOU KILL THAT
MAN? GET THAT GORY
PORK SWORD OUTTA
YOUR MAW AND
BURY HIS REMAINS,
THEN LETS GO!

THE CHECKERED DEMON BOLTS THROUGH A WINDOW..

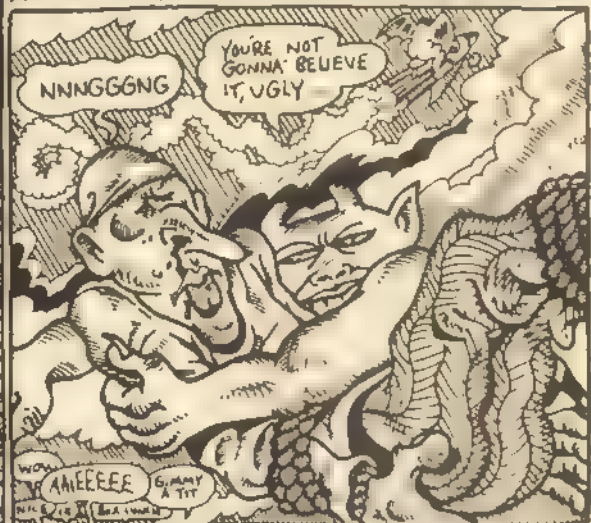




THE CHECKERED DEMON FLEW BACK TO ROSEY'S SHIP.



A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE CHECKERED DEMON HAD GRABBED THE DOCTOR AND SPLIT BELOW, THE DYKES DIVED ON THE GIRL.



FAR AWAY, AT THE DOCK'S CASTLE TWO GRAVE DIGGERS PREPARE TO BURY PREVIOUS DECEASED CHARACTERS, ALREADY STARTING TO STINK.



STAR-EYED STELLA

STAR-EYED STELLA IS CAPTURED BY THE GYPSY BANDITS



AS IN'S WENT ON MICRO MONK STROLLED ALONG ON STELLA'S STOOL





FARLEY'S ROD ENTERED STELLA'S ZOSH, UPSETTING MICRO-MONK.

I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND ANY PLACE TO RELAX WITHOUT INTERRUPTION....
WHATS THIS CREATURE? OH WELL, I'LL JUST JAB IT THROUGH THE HEAD REAL HARD WITH MY WALKING STICK...

NUDGE

AND IT HURT...



MICRO-MONK DROPS OUT...



THE END

NAIL TALES

A FEW
AND
OVER
FOR A
PIECE
OF ASS,
HOWARD
THE
CARPENTER
WHISTLED
AS HE
STROLLED
INTO THE
ROOM, WHERE,
THERE SAT
LOVELY
BIG-EYED
BERNICE.



HIYA
BERNICE, YOU'RE
LOOKIN' GOOD
BABE...

GIT IT OUT AND
LET'S GIT IT ON...



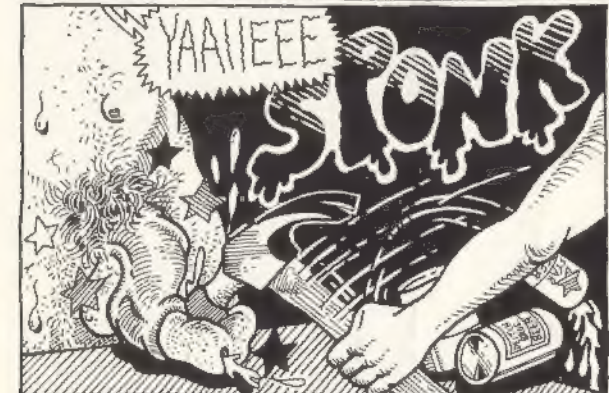
SURE THING TOOTS, I'LL GIT
IT OUT AND UP AND THEN
WE'LL FUCK
THE DAMN
SAWDUST
OFF

AFTER HOWARD HAD DROPPED HIS OVERALLS, BERNICE HAD GRABBED HIS HAMMER.....



YOU'LL FIND OUT
SOON ENOUGH
STUP...

AWRAT, LETS...
UH... WHA? WHATCHA
DOIN' WIT MY HAMMER?



YAAIEEE
STONK



WOW
YOU DIRTY
BITCH!
IT'S ALL
SWOLLEN UP
...WELL IM
GWAN BALL YA
ANYHOW... I'LL
REALLY STRETCH
THEM LABIAL UPS

HOWARD RIPPED OFF BERNICE'S SILKEN BRIEFS AND SLIPPED HER THE MEAT.



NNNNMMINGGK
OOOOHH GOD...

PORP

AFTER A WHILE BERNICE'S EYES ROLLED OUT OF SIGHT AND HER CHEEKS SWELLED. THEN SUDDENLY SHE STARTED SPITTING NAILS INTO THE WALL.....



UNH UNH UNH
OOOOHHNNNGGK

UNH UNH
UNH UNH
UNH AAAHHHH
THERE WENT
MA' ROCKS.....



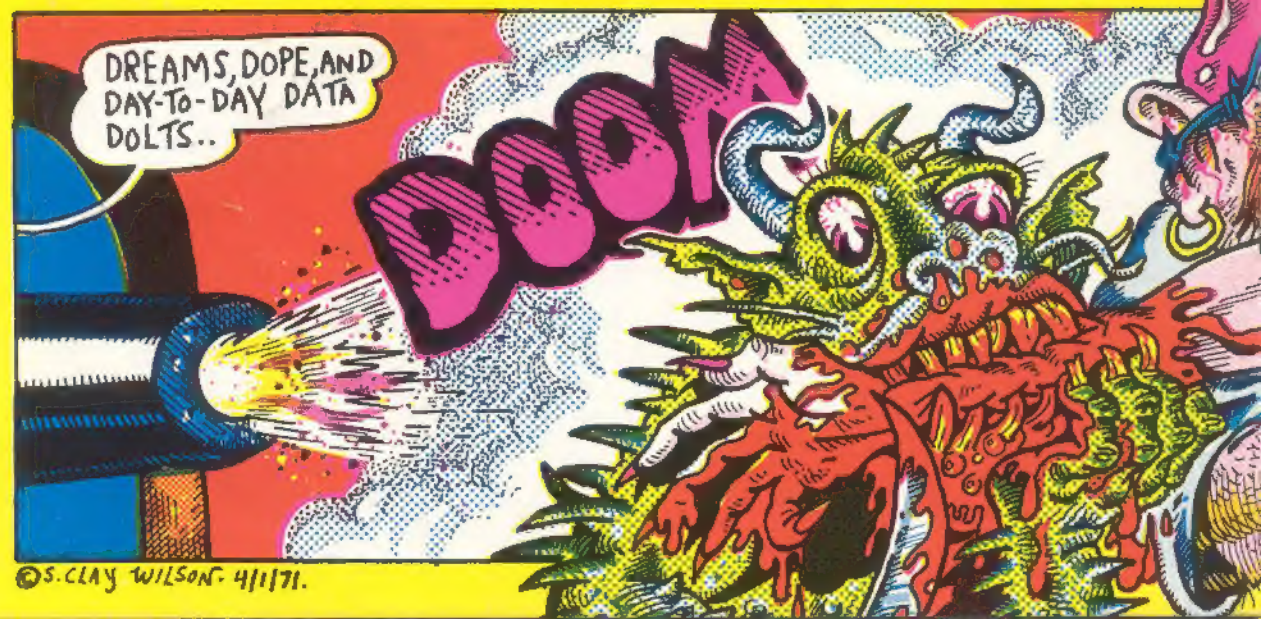
SPA-TOO
SPA-TOO
SPUT

NNNNN NOW
WHAT SHE DOIN'...



THAT AINT MY
NAME!

SPY





Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Bent

Published May 1971

(1st edition)

(Print Mint)

(50¢)

28 pages

Print run of 7 copies

7" x 10"

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Artists:

S. Clay Wilson 1-28

Comments:

Says "© S. Clay Wilson 4/1/71" on the bottom left of the back cover.